

would be hedged in by special details of policemen or gendarmes, but here everything bears incontrovertible evidence of the simplicity of a demoeratic-republican form of government.

This compactly built man is William Mur-This compactly built man is william after ray, Superintendent of Police of the City and County of New York. No red-tape charac-terizes his administration, and the humble citizen with a complaint against a policeman receives as much consideration and as speedy an audience as does the local statesman who enjoys for a season the distinguishing and high-sounding title of Congressman or State

Few persons not familiar with the inside workings of the white marble building at No. 500 Mulberry street realize the volume of routine business transacted daily by their Superintendent of Police. His daily mail is large, the precinet reports are voluminous, the trivial as well as serious complaints preferred reach to the scores daily, and momentarily messages are received over the voluminous. arily messages are received over the wires which demand prompt and immediate atten-tion. Delay is out of the question, and the d Superintendent must act on the in-

Supt. Murray grasps the situation at

Supt. Murray grasps the situation at once, issues his orders, and they are promptly executed. He is a warm and constant friend, never loses his temper and possesses the one essential quality born of long years of active police service—coolness, good indgment and ripe discrimination.

The present Superintendent entered the Union Army when in his teens and was in the regiment commanded by Col. Michael Murphy, now State Senator. Wounded at Bull Run, he was in the hospital for months, and ambitious for active service he returned to the field before he had entirely recovered. He was taken ill, and was forced to leave the the army. Shortly after receiving his discharge and while a beardless boy he joined the police force in 1862 as a patrolman. His advancement was slow but sure, in each successive grade of roundsman, sergeant, cap-

advancement was slow but sure, in each successive grade of roundsman, sergeant, captain, Inspector, and Superintendent, bravery, faithfulness and genuine merit being his chief recommendations.

As a detective he had few equals. Several times he narrowly escaped with his life. On one occasion, while making his rounds as a sergeant, his quick ear discovered a measured tapping, which assured him that burglars were drilling a safe. To give an alarm rap was to flush the game. He found where the desperate criminals had effected an entrance, and single-handed he entered, with a drawn club in his left hand and a cocked revelver in his right hand, and issuing orders to an elub in his left hand and a cocked revolver in his right hand, and issuing orders to an imaginary squad of men, he ordered three desperate burglars, who were drilling a safe, to throw up their hands and to surrender at once. The ruse worked, and having secured the thieves, he sounded an alarm on a stone coping, and with the aid of the men on post, who responded to his rap, marched the burglars to the station-house and subsequently sent them to to his rap, marched the ourgiars to the sta-tion-house and subsequently sent them to prison. Had they turned upon him when surprised at their nefarious work Murray's life would have paid a forfeit. He took even greater chances when he dogged and broke up the gang of Astoria masked burglars. This splendid piece of work made him an In-

when promoted to be Superintendent, Murray was on the civil-service rack for five hours. He received a rating of 100 per cent. He is forty-three years old, is a grandfather, and is a devoted husband and father. His city house is on the corner of Lexington avenue and Sixty-fifth street. He owns a modest summer cottage at Far Rockaway. He is a rigid disciplinarian, but invariably tempers instice with mercy. In spite of his remarkable promptitude in meeting every emergency, he never makes a mistake.

Alexander Hamilton's Old Home.

(Correspondence Mitraukes Sentinel.)
Alexander Hamilton, who was buried in Trinity churchyard, used to live on what is now Tenth avenue, at about One Hundred and Forty-third street. The estate, which is being cut up into building lots this summer, is still called by the name he gave it, Hamilton Grange. The Hamil-ton house is still standing, though its days are apparently numbered. When I visited ton house is still standing, though its days are apparently numbered. When I visited it last week block houses were going up rapidly on two sides of it on land forming a part of the Hamilton tract, cellars were being dug on the third side, and I heard blasting on the fourth. One Hundred and Forty-third street when cut through, as it will be at no distant date, will destroy a fine old chestnut, one of the most magnificent trees to be found anywhere, and will barely escape the house if it does not pass clean through it. It is hard to look forward to the nificent trees to be found anywhere, and will barely escape the house if it does not pass clean through it. It is hard to look forward to the prospective desiraction of the Hamilton house, which, though a modest, two-story structure, a relic of genuine republican simplicity, is yet a good specimen of coionnal classic architecture, in excellent taste, with interior fittings that were brought from England. The locks upon the doors are a curious feature, some of them requiring two turns of a ponderous key to throw the bolt. The grounds remain much as originally laid out, a carriage drive winding about the house, bordered by fragant box hedges. Fenced in near the main entrance is a group of thirteen trees planted by Hamilton, himself, and symbolizing the thirteen original States. The house overlooks the Hudson, with the Palisades beyond, and was as beautiful a country seat as a man could wish. New York ought to have a historical society rich enough or an organization of some sort devoted enough to buy up such memorials of old times, and prolong their life as much as possible. There are not too many of them, and they go to decay fast.

Old Fighting Ground on Long Island.

The battle of Long Island still has its relics on the Brooklyn side of the bridge. "Battle Pass" in pointed out to every visitor to Prospect Park. It is a year or so only since an old English fireboard, cast in Oxford and bearing the royal arms, with the date 1754, was dug out of the ground in Flatboah and helped fix the position of a house known to have been burned by the English troops. Bullets and small English coins are turned up by Flatboah farmers to this day. The shore road from Bay Ridge to Fort Hamilton, along which Clinton sent Gen. Grant to divert the attention of Putnam from the main attack of the enemy, winds, as it did then up hill and down, overlooking the Narrows, with a constant procession of New York's commerce steaming in and out, as beautiful a walk as there is about the city. The road through the pass from Jamaica, by which Clinton turned the American lines, has not varied since, and the old roadhouse, where tradition has it his men stopped to drink, stands now under the shadow of the Brooklyn Elevated Raliroad on upper Broadway in the Tweaty-sixth Ward. It has not gone out of its old business of dispensing fluid refreshment, and as the Hunter's Home finds soft wooden couches for occasional weary hunters on the settles before the door. is a year or so only since an old English fireboard,

Small Diamonds the Fashion Now.

There never was a time when so many small diads were used as now. The large single stones, as a matter of course, can never be barred by fashion's decrees. There are some magnificent diamonds in New York. A 125-carts stone worth 1200,000, a 17-carat stone valued at \$15,000—these and jewels like them can afford to laugh at the fickle goddess's winns; but small diamonds none the less are having their day. A diamond ring does not necessarily mean a big sum spent nowadays. It may cost not more than \$5 or \$10 for the stone, and be fairly well cut, but small, such as jowellers did not bother with no long time ago. as a matter of course, can never be barred b

Very Proper Caution.
[Pros. the Chicago Pribune.]
Flory Anarchist—I tell you, my friend, Pin ready to die right here, if necessary, in defense of my principles. I have a right to say what I please and to say it where I please, and if one of these blue-coated tyrants and hirelings of a so-called civiliza-tion over daries to meddle with my rights there will be bloodshed as sure as Pin a living man. The straggle is coming, and it can't come any too—we'd better go a intie further up the alley. Here comes a policiman. TRIED TO FREEZE HIM OUT.

Percy Chesterfield's Unpleasant Experience With the Hostetters.

(From the Chicago Tribune,) Young Percy Chesterfield is having a hard time with the family of his adored one. He says he doesn't know, but he almost believes that they are opposed to his coming to see Angelines. He has been " waiting on " on her some time-it has been mostly "walt," he says—and he has made up his mind not to wait much longer. (the afternoon re-cently he went to call on her. He walked up the front steps quite firmly and rang the bell. Angelinea's father responded, somewhat to his surprise. The old gentleman had a newspaper in one hand and his spectacies in the other, and his hair

gellnea's father responded, somewhat to his surprise. The old gentleman had a newspaper in one hand and his spectacies in the other, and his hair was standing up as if he had been studying the labor protiem or trying to figure out what the Anarchists believed and rubbing ass head all day.

'How do you do, Mr. Hostetter ?" said Percy, cheerfully. Mr. Hostetter looked at him severely and kept his hand on the door-knob.

'Fine afternoon, sir,' continued Percy,

'Yes, it is,' granted the old gentleman.
'Looks some like rain, though,'' sided Percy, beginning to grow rather unessy.

'I haven't seen any indications," returned Mr. Hostetter as he glanced down at Percy's hands as if he expected to see a book, or a patent flouristice, or county map, or semething.

'Is—er,'' said Percy, beginning to notice that it was growing warmer, '' is—may I ask if Miss Hostetter is at home?''

'You can,' returned the unruffled old gentleman more promptly than before.

But is she?'' said Percy with an effort.
'I don't know, sir, '' returned Mr. Hostetter,'

'What is your name?''

'Don't you recognize me? My name is Chesterfield, you know.''

'I believe I remember you now.''

'I believe I remember you now.''

'I believe I remember you how.''

'I believe I wanted to see your daughter if she was at home, Mr. Hostetter.''

'Well, if she is I'il send her out,'' and the old gentleman turned and started back along the hail.

'But I wished to call on her.''

But I wished to call on her."
Ad right, you can, if she's at home," returned
Hostetter as he paused at the door leading into the dining-room,

'I believe I'll step in, if you have no object

tions.

"Well, shut the door if you do," and the father of his Angelinea disappeared.

Percy went in, closed the door as directed and hang up his hat. It occurred to him that his reception had not been very cordial, but he was not a young man to be discouraged by trifles. Percy will make his mark in the world yet, even if the way who he running the mark department duesn't will make his mark in the world yet, even it ine
man who is running the mark department doesn't
want him to. He opened the door leading to the
parior and stepped in. Mrs. Hostetter sat by
window reading a book. She arose, drew herself
up and looked very dignified, and gazed at him
hamphilly and inquiringly.

"Ab, how do you do, Mrs. Hostetter? I
hope".

hope "- exclaimed that lady, as she looked at

"Sir!" exclaimed that lady, as she looked at him very hard.
"I-I-I was going to say "—
"Sir! you are intruding! If you wish to see Christine you will fad her in the kitchen at the side door; this is not her afternoon out, however."
"Christine?" questioned Percy.
"Certainly, the new girl. But you had better wait till Sanday, as I don't like to have her disturbed when she is busy at her work."
"But I didn't call to see her, madame. I "—
"Whom then, pray?"
"Why—why—your daughter; you know I "—
"My daughter? Then you are acquainted with her, do I understand?"

er, do I understand?"
"Certainly—I am Mr. Chesterfield—I thought
ou didn't recognize me at first—but you are ac-

you didn't recognize me at first—but you are acquained with me."

"Ah, Chesterfield, yes, I believe I have met you, though I dan't say that I am very intimately nequainted with you."

Percy sank down on the sofa and Mrs. Hostetter returned to her chair and sat up very straight on the front edge of it. Percy noticed that the air in the room was rather close, and he took out his handkerchef and mopped his brow. He resulzed that he was wasting valuable time which should be spent in the company of his dear Angelinea. After five minutes of silence, and just as Percy was going to say something. Angelinea's little brother came bounding into the room and, to Percy's surprise, knew him at once.

"Hello, Percy," exclaimed the artiess child, "you here again!"

"Yes," said Percy feebly, as he noticed Mrs. Hostetter smile at her son's playfulness.

"This is getting to be a steady thing, hey, Percy," continued the dear child.

"Er—well—yes, rather," admitted Percy.

"Think you'll show up to-morrow?" went on the boy.

"Yne you," said Mrs. Hostetter mildly, "don't

Think you'll show up to-morrow; went on the boy,
"My son," said Mrs. Hostetter mildly, "don't you talk a good deal?"
"I was just trying to find out about Percy," replied the boy. Then he went over to one corner and turned his attention to a new rocking-horse, and Percy and the lady whom he so ardenily hoped to soon make his mother-in-law relapsed into silence. After another five minutes he decided to again introduce the subject nearest his heart and said:
"Could I see Miss Hostetter, do you suppose ?"

again introduce the subject nearest his heart and said:

"Could I see Miss Hostetter, do you suppose ?"

"I really don't know," replied Mrs. H. "I will go and see if she is in,"

"Oh, sit still, ma," broke in the unsophisticated child, as he jumped an imaginary ten-rall fence on his horse; "pa told her Percy was here long ago! She's upstairs readin' a book and waitin' for Frank Goodrich, that's goin' to take her out ridin' with that new buggy o' his."

"If that is the case, I don't if you can see her to-day, Mr. Chesterfield," said Mrs. Hostetter. Then she arose and went out, and while Percy was thinking about it all the little daughter of the household entered and went over with her brother, and Percy heard them conversing in very loud whispers.

hispers. "Say, Bess," said the boy, "Percy come to see

"Say, Ress," said the boy, "Percy come to see Angle sgain."
"I know it."
"He won't make it, will be?"
"I dess not, 'tause Angle said she wouldn't tum down if he staid till doomsday."
"Say, Boss, ju think pa'll kick him when he goes down the steps?"

"Say, Boss, ju think pa'll kick him when he goes down the steps?"

"Oh, I dess papa wouldn't do zat. But it ood hurt him, I bet, if papa did."

"Course. An'he said last night that he would kick him all over the front yard if he ever come again. Cracky, but I want to be round when he does it. I bet it would be more fun 'n goin' to the circus!"

Then the little innocents went on with their play, only keeping a close watch on the door for their fater if he should come.

Percy got up and walked out of the room. He took his hat off the rack, lingered just a moment looking up the stairs in hope of catching the idol of his heart after all, and then passed down the front steps, while the boy rushed through the hall calling to his father that Percy was going and that now was his time to kick him. As Percy went down the other street he looked back just in time to see Angelinea getting into the carriage with Frank Goodrich.

He says now that he will call on Angelinea just once more, and only once, and if they don't act any more cordial than they did this time he will never go again unless they give him a special invitation. Percy is a young man of force and has great firmness and determination, and I half expect that he will keep his resolution.

High Jinks of a Pet Monkey.

[From the Buston Globe.]
A sun-burned, hollow-eyed individual walked into the taxidermist's store on Sudbury street yesterday morning, carrying under his arm a little brown, grinning-faced monkey.

Addressing the young man in the outer office, he

"That monkey is for sale, and don't you forget it!"

"What has happened to make you go back on the monkey?" asked the man at the desk as he leaned back in his chair and glanced at the man with the monkey.

"Nothing much," said the owner of the monkey: "only this. You see, my wife was suddenly called away from home last Saturday night, and I had to dish out my own beans Sanday morning. I noticed that the monkey eyed me pretty closely, but I only thought that the intelligent beast noticed that I dim't go at it as if I was used to it. Well, I was called to the door, and when I got back the kitchen was a wreek. I'd planned to take breakfast there rather than in the dining-room. The butter had been spotted all over the window, the dishes were on the floor, and that infernal monkey was taking the beans out of the pot and throwing them over everything. But that wasn't the worst of it. When I went in the little cuss threw abottle at my bead and then followed it up by everything he could lay his paws on."

"So he's for sale now!" observed the young sald: ... That monkey is for sale, and don't you forpawson."
''So he's for sale now?" observed the young
man outside the rail. ''Yes; want him?"
''I guess not, but when you've got a secondhand cyclone I'll talk with you."

Methodical to the Last.

[From the Son Francisco Alto.] Sutton, the eccentric who is to hang in Oakland for murder, has kept a diary for thirty years, in which all events of importance to himself are recorded. When he was sentenced and the day of execution was fixed by Judge Gibson, he pulled out his diary and carefully wrote down the date. He seemed afraid that it would slip his mind.

Preparations for a Past.

[Prom Judge.] .
Bagley-1 have concluded to fast for a week rder to see if I can't tone up my system.

Balley-How are you going about it? Bagley-I'm going to hire my meals at some or of our big hotels, and have the report spread, so that the watters will hear it, that I am violently opposed to tips. THE LOWELL STATESMAN.

Ben Butter Might Have Become President in Andrew Johnson's Pince.

[Washington Letter to the Milwaukes Scutinel. Ben Butier might have been President of the United States. The blue bloods of Massachusetts scouted at the idea that he would ever be Governor of their Commonwealth, but time with its prosort interior to commonweath, but time with its proverbial working of wonders made that possible, and old Hen marched out to Harvard at commencement as much the hero of the day as any Governor of the old Bay State had ever been. At a time when people were calling him Brute and Beast Butler it seemed ridifictions to suppose that he would ever be President, and yet it is a positive fact that but for his own refusal Ben Butler would have occupied the White House. This, of course, was not in 1884, when he was an open and active candidate of the Labor party. It was in the last days of 1863, when Lincoln desired a renomination as a sign of the people's verdict appraising his administration. The managers of the R publican party had decided that Hannibal Hsmin in was not to be the candidate sagain for Vice-President, Mr. Seward's name was out of the question, as it was not supposed that he would accept a nomination, preferring to remain the premier of Mr. Lincoln's administration, as it was assured him that he should remain through Lincoln's second term, in case the Fresident should be re-elected, Other names were suggested, but against can some objection was found. On all sades it was admitted inst the party would nominate any man whom Mr. Lincoln might choose to be associated with nim. One day the President sent for Simon Cameron and said to him: "I have a special mission for you. I want you to go to For ress Monroe and ask Gen. Butler it he will accept the some said of the James. Gen. Cameron went down the Potomae at once and saw Butler. He delivered the Fresident's message, together with his won earnest entremy that Gen. Butler should become the candidate for Vice-President, supporting the suggestion with a number of very strong arguments. Of course such a nomination would vinctate Gen. Butler was then in command south of the James. Gen. Cameron related the Insection with a number of very strong arguments.

Gen. Butler was then in command south of the Josh which the loyal Governor of Tendated the Residuate for hims verbial working of wonders made that possible and old Ben marched out to Harvard at commencement as much the hero of the day as any Governor

A Glimpse of Rescoe Conkling.

[From the Richmond Times.]
By the way, I saw Senator Conkling in New York this week. He is hale and hearty, and he weighs twenty-five pounds more than he did when he left the United States Senate. His golden locks have, however, turned to silver, and the curi which hangs over his forehead is as white as the driven snow. I caught only a glimpse of him, but it seemed to me that he had lost some of the dudsh airs he affected at Washington, and he was though well dressed, more carelessly attired than I have ever seen him. He wore a rough, blue sackcost, and his head was crowned with a military slouch. He coins, I understan!, from \$50,000 to \$100,000 yearly, but he mourns, I doubt not, for the fleshpots of politics. No statesman who has had the adduation showered upon him which has fallen to the lot of Senator Conkling can be content with the humdrum life of a lawyer. The almighty dollar is a god which falls to satisfy such men, and Conkling's friends hope that some occasion will thrust him again into the swim. He has only one chance, so ex-Posimaster General Cresswell says, of becoming a political leader. This chance would arise should some great issue come before the country, and Conkling, by his wonderful eloquence, be noted as its leader. This issue would have to be a striking one, and one watch would awallow up persons in principles. A war with Great Britain or some other power might furnish such a chance, and the people becoming infaunated with their side of the struggle, again make a hero of their leader, Lord to see the second of the struggle, again make a hero of their leader, Lord to see the second of the struggle, again make a hero of their leader, Lord to see the second of the struggle, again the second of the second of the struggle, again make a hero of their leader, Lord to see the second of the struggle, again the second of the second of the struggle, again the second of the sec people becoming infatasted with their side of the struggle, again make a hero of their leader. Lord tloscoe. It is wonderful how Conkling's friends stick to him, and I have been surprised in traveling over the United States to find how widely scattered are his admirers. They say they would support him for President if he were nominated today, and they proclaim with all his abilities he is the honestest statesman in the country. It is true he has failed once, but his friends claim that he did not want to return to the Senate, and that he resigned for good.

The Best Duck Shooting in the World.

(From the Bultimore American.)
The ducking fields on the Susquehanna River ar known and talked about all over the United States where sportsmen live, and are probably the finest in the world. Ducks are found in abundance in other tributaries of the Chesapeake, in Albemarie in the world. Ducks are found in abundance in other tributaries of the Chesapeake, in Albemarie and Pamileo Sounds in North Carolina, in Florida, in tributaries to the Gulf of Mexico, and in many other bodies of water, but they have no such flavor as the cauvasback, black and blue heads that feed on the flats at the mouth of the Susquehanna River. Every cook and epicure, whose knowledge of ducks has the slightest claim to the respectable, knows this to be a fact. The flavor is due to the peculiar diet upon which they feed. This is the wild celery. The ducking fields of the Susquehanna are sharply limited by statute within these bounds. The northern line begins at the lighthouse on the shore, in front of the town, flavre de Grace, on the Hartford County side, runs across to Carpenter's Point, on the Cecil County side, and the southern line is from Turkey Point, on the Cecil side, to a spot kalf mile north of Locust Point, and thence along Speautia Island shore, keeping everywhere a quarter of a mile from the beach and the adjacent maintand, till the shore at or near Oakington is reached. The line thence runs along the shore to the starting point at the lighthouse. Gunners must keep strictly a quarter of a mile out. The distance from the morth to the south line is probably four miles, and between the eastern and western limits about six miles. This embr.ces a large area of the finest feeding grounds for ducks on this continent. The best part of the shore is on the Cecil side. This sporting ground is closely protected by law, as at ought to be. Hartford and Cecil furnish each two policemen who get \$500 each for their work.

Change of Heart.

Omaha Man-My gracious ! We'll be late. Get our things on.

Wife-My dear, it's raining pitchforks and the wind is blowing a hurricane.

" We have strong umbrellas,
" My dress will be ruined,"

"Wear your waterproof."
"And you know you have a cold."
"I can wear rubbers; I wouldn't miss that Opera 7 This is not opera night; it's prayer meeting night."

"Oh! I wonder if our preacher thinks people are idiots enough to stir out of the house such a night as this."

"Odd Jewelry" is the Thing.

[From the Washington Post,] In earrings, a ruby on one side of the head and a sapphire on the other is a fancy that this winter will go excellently well. Turquoises and diamonds will go excellently well. Turquoises and diamonds is an idea that has been taken up by a few, but the lustre of the stones is so different that, scintillating from the right ear and the left, they give an incongraous appearance that one does not get from the other gems. In flower jewelry it is not at all out of order to choose a rosebud and a violet to wear as earrings together, or to contrast a pansy and a daisy in the same way. Diamonds and sapphires is a favorite combination this winter for rings and for all manner of ornamental use.

Where They Fail.

[From the Norwick Bulletin.]
Philadelphia young men have their heads measred for hats by a "conformator," and Philadelphia girls make collections of paper patterns of the heads of their favorite fellows. These patterns are said to show the young men's bumps with great accuracy, but they fail to indicate the bumps which a young man receives when he stays too late with his girl and is assisted down the front steps by the governor. TOO INEXPERIENCED FOR THE CROWD.

A Gambling Liar Who Ran Up Against Some



The conversation in near by group had unaccountably turned upon gambling, and some remarkable ex-periences, to say the least, had been related, when the novice, who had but just been set adrift with a sample case, turned to the others and said:

"I never play any games of chance. It is spainst my principles. But I had a remark-

sqainst my principles. But I had a remarkable experience once.

'It was down at Memphis, Tenn. I struck a friend there and he wasn't doing a very good business. He was on commission, you know, and he was pretty blue. He said he was going up to a faro bank and either make a stake or break himself. He asked me to go 'long, and as I was curious to see the game I went.

'Poor fellow! Luck was down on him and his money, and I am afraid some of his firm's money, was dropping into the bank at the rate of about \$1 a minute. I felt awful sorry for him, when suddenly he wrapped the table with his first and his eyes flashed as he looked steadily at me as I stood over his shoulder.

he looked seeking at the shoulder.

"Dick,' he says, 'they say there's no discounting the luck of a greenborn. Play a little and maybe you'll bring luck to me

"I had watched the game an hour, but I "I had watched the game an hour, but I hadn't much of an idea of it. My friend handed me a half dollar, and with his suggestion I tossed it carelessly on the board. It dropped in a 'pot.' The dealer waited for me to place it but I says, 'Let her lie where she dropped.'

"The dealer had made one turn before I went in. He turned the cards off again and I won. I didn't know why, but he put two bine chips on my half and look inquiringly at me.

at me.

"I says again, 'Let her lie,' and he turned
the cards again, and then he put four olue
chips atop of the others. I says again, 'Let
her lie where she is,' and—well, to make a
long story shorts, friends, at every turn of
the cards I won, and I didn't move my bet at
all.

"I won fifteen times in succession, of course doubling every time. My friend wanted me to stay and play a little longer, but I said 'No, sir. I am not a beginner any longer,' and I raked the pile of chips off the table, counted 'em up and got 'em cashed. I called up the drinks for everybody in the room, and then my friend and I went back to the hotel and counted up, and, if you please, I had \$180 clean winnings to divide with my unlucky friend."

The story-teller concluded his story triumphantly, and with that air of defiance which seemed to say, "Beat that some of you if you can." But there was one of those cold, calculating, mean-dispositioned fellows in the little group of listeners, who are continually introdung their Gradgrind facts in a disagreeable way. He had been counting on his ingers, "half, one, two, four, eight, sixteen." and at the close of the story of the initiate he remarked in a hard, unsympathetic I won fifteen times in succession, of

initiate he remarked in a hard, unsympathetic

Yoice:
"Yes, a Union Square mass-meeting must have been adjourned to that faro bank, or else the crowd drank dissolved pearls, judging from the price you paid for those drinks. You won just a trifle over \$16,000 on that deal."

originate it, though that shall not appear, and if you laugh, I'll take a little credit upon myself for the recital. It's about Barney McAuley, and it happened years ago. He was travelling with his "Jarvis Section" and everywhere we heard accounts of his success. Audiences were delighted, and when McAuley came back to New York he was fondly greeted by crowds of friends and admirers. On the following day after his arrival here he took a walk up Broadway. The first friend he met asked him how much he had cleared with his season.

"Dear boy, I made \$39,000, he said.
"He went further; met somebody else, 'How much had he cleared?' he was asked.
"Made \$40,000 casily,' replied he, glibly. By the time he had walked a quarter of a mile, Barney had made \$100,000 casily. His exploits were noised around, and people naturally didn't see why they should be outdene. One day, about a fortnight after his return, I met Barney setting on a stoop crying bitterly.
"What's the matter, Barney?' I asked.
"Oh, I'm no good,' he sobbed.
"What's the matter, Barney?' I asked.
"Why, Barney,' said I, 'what do you.
"What's the matter, Barney?' I asked.
"Why, Barney,' said I, 'what do you.

"'Oh, I'm no good,' he sobbed.
"'Why, Barney,' said I, 'what do yo

why, Barney, said I, 'what do you mean?'
''This,' he said, drying his eyes. 'I have been down on the square this morning and I declare that there isn't a soul there who hasn't cleared over \$30,000 this season. And I'—he burst into tears again—'thought I'd done so nobly with my \$15,000.'"

LEGAL LIGHTS OF HUDSON COUNTY.

John Bacot mingles music with work. H Senator Edwards is the most boyish-look ing lawyer in Hudson County.

Ex-Gov. Bedle is seen occasionally about town when engaged in D., L. and W. matters. Gilbert Collins, ex-Mayor of Jersey City is noted among his fellow-lawyers as a harworker.

Counsellor William Beemsted is not seen much in court. His activity is mainly in real estate matters.

Ex-Senator Brinkerhoff pays as much attention to sports as to the law. He is president of the Jersey City Athletic Club and an enthusiastic hunter. Corporation Counsel John A. Blair, of Jersey City, a nephew of the famous railroad

millionaire, is a familiar figure at meeting of Jersey City boards. Ex-Gov. Abbett's figure is becoming as familiar to his brother lawyers in court as it was a year ago to the legislators. He is coun-sel for the Union Hill Anarchists.

Counsellor "Billy Daly refused a nomi-nation for the Assembly in Hoboken last week, fearing he might jeopardize his posi-tion as Assistant District-Attorney of Essex

District-Attorney Charles H. Winfield still enjoys the reputation for eloquence he won years ago. The Hudson County Court is crowded whenever it is announced that he will make an extra effort. will make an extra effort.

Corporation Counsel "Bob" Hudspeth has risen in his profession rapidly. A few years ago he was a lawyer's clerk and last year he made a game fight for the speakership of the New Jersey Legislature.

A Costly Bull. [From the Pittsburg Commercial.]
One bull with the pieuro-pneumonia caused the State of Missouri to be quarantined and a loss to cattlemen of \$1,000.000. This is the prize ox of all time, and must be a lineal descendant of the golden calf of Mosaic matory. QUEER YARN ABOUT EDISON.

A Man From the Plains Relates an Adventure With a Cataleptic Girl.

[From the Philade/phia News.] A veteran plainsman, who had met Edison when he was out West in 1878, tells the following story about Edison, a Philadelphia doctor and a chance patient of the doctor. He said :

'A ranchman came along on his way to Rawlins for a doctor to see his daughter, who appeared lius for a doctor to see his daughter, who appeared to have been suddeniv affected by some peculiar disease, the cause and nature of which puzzled and starmed the family, who were evidently simple and well-meaning but ignorant people. Seeing such an unusual stir about Separation, and so many men there, he stopped and saxed if any among us was a physician. Dr. French, of Philadelphia, was there and volunteered to accompany the man. So he climbed into the buckboard and the nules were turned ranchward again.

"Several hours later the doctor, who was a great believer in the efficacy of electricity as a medical agent, returned and described the case to us.

to us.

"The girl, who was about seventeen years old and very beautiful in a rade sort of way, had been standing at a sink washing dishes, when sue had suddenly learned forward and remained so, in a kind of cataleptic condition, until her mother came to her, probably an nour later.

"See had seemed all right afterward and could not explain exactly now she had been selzed. Afterwards, another day, the same thing had occurred, as she stood hanging out cloth a. She had remained with her arms uplifted, in one position, till she had been brought away and aroused. But the occasion which had now seriously alarmed till she had been brought away and aroused. But the occasion which had most sortously alarmed them, and which had caused the father to tering a physician, was that she had lain down, and been found in this a upid condition, from which they had falled to arouse her.

"Dr. French had worked over her an hour and a half before she recovered the possession of constourness. But he asserted if he had a medical electric battery he could have restored her immediately.

"At this Edison became quite excited and de-elared if he could get some old cells and a coll from the operator ac could provide the necessary current. So Edison rigged up a rude kind of hat-tery and went down with French to operate on the girl the next time she had one of her attacks. "One of the whims of the girl was, when emerg-ing from her catalentic state, to grass whatever girl the next time she had one of her attacks.

"One of the whims of the girl was, when emerging from her cataleptic state, to grasp whatever was nearest her, so as Edison happened to be there with the sponge on the back of her neck treating her to a dose of electricity, she took fast hold of oim. The father saw tols and supposed the girl to be in love with the electrician. He and the mother taiked the matter over and came to the conclusion that the electrical appliance was a sort of infernal machine or philter by which this stranger was winning the affections of the girl.

"See here, stranger, said the man to Edison, if you mean business, all right. Edison bowed very gravely, hearing not a word. 'Gure the girl and you can marry her. There's fifty head o' cattle you can run off and sell if you want to, as you look mightly seedy yourself. I don't suppose you're worth a dime, all ye?' Edison, seeming to understand that a negative was required, shook his head at this.

"'Honght so; jest what I told my woman. But that gal's the apple o' my eye, and if she hankers after ye she's goin' to have ye; and some of them men, who seem to rather like ye, if you air a poor cass, can witness the thing and bring down a justice.' Again Edison bowed.

"French then thought it was about time an end was put to the business, and hurried the telephone wan of to Senaration; and the rest of us went

a histor. Again Edward was about time an end was put to the business, and hurried the telephone man off to Separation; and the rest of us went down and explained the situation to the ranchman, telling him that Edison was deaf and a little about electricity, which he could show the mother how to apply to the girl in case of a renewal of the attack, which, however, seemed doubtful, as the disease had so swiftly succumbed to the strong measures used.

"We all chipped in and made up a purse for the girl, Edison heading the list with a big sam.

"The girl married the next year, I found afterward, and is as buxom a woman as you'd wish to see."

A Student's Vacation.

(From the Buffulo Courier.)
A reporter walking up the towpath at lower whose stern was painted " Polly Forbes of Sche "Yes, a Union Square mass-meeting must have been adjourned to that faro bank, or else the crowd drank dissolved pearls, judging from the price you paid for those drinks. You won just a trifle over \$16,000 on that deal."

The story-teller incontinentally fied to the music of roars of laughter from his hearers.

WHY COL. SINN SAID "POOH!"

The Vast Profits of Actors Illustrated by a Story of Barney McAuley.

"Pooh!" said Col. W. E. Sinn, of the Brooklyn Park Theatre, scornfully: "I say pooh! I repeat it—pooh!"

Col. Sinn and a number of other gentlemen were discussing the profits that theatrical managers make, or say they make. He was full of contempt for the big round sums mentioned. That is why he said. "I didn't originate it, though that shall not appear, and if you laugh, I'll take a little credit upon myself for the recital. It's about Barney

Whose stern was painted "Polly Forbes of Schenectady." In a minute more he had come up with the metady." In a minute more he had come up with the metady." In a minute more he had come up with the mules and their driver. Under the mules and the mules and their driver. Under the mules and their driver. Under the mules and their driver, Under the mules and their driver. Under the mules and their driver, Under the mules of clark and scourgings of the driver, who himself seemed a fittile do have the dust discovered his beasts, for wenever the dust discovered his closure, the reporter came along. "Hello!" said he, as the reporter came along. "Hello!" said he, as the reporter came along the little very the hot beasts, for wenever the dust dis nectady." In a minute more he had come up with

was bitten four times by a large tarantula which was concealed in one of the sieeves of the gar-ment, before he could divest himself of it and kill the wrathsome thing. His father rushing to him ment, before he could divest himself of it and kill the wrathsome thing. His father rushing to him on hearing his outery took in the aituation at a glance, and never was turkey killed quicker than one of O'Brian's. The bird was ripped open in the stomach, and laid entrails and all on the child's arm and plenteous doses of whiskey administered at the time and during the drive to town for medical assistance. The doctor pronounced the treatment as the very best and which by its promptness had provably saved the boy's life. Mr. O'Brian informer, as that ween the turkey was taken from the arm, the flesh of the bird had become quite black and hard from the absorbed poison. A colicken was afterwards served the same way and applied, but the flesh of it remained white and soft, proving conclusively that the first application had sufficed to extract the venom injected by the tarantula's fangs.

The boy, with the exception of a slight cruption, is now thoroughly well and attending school. It is a good thing to remember that for the extraction of poison from a bite or sting of venomous reptiles, the prompt application of raw and still warm flesh is almost an antidote, coupled with free use internally of alcoholic stimulants.

Piracy in Modern Times.

[From the London Times.]
Advices received at Lloyds from Genoa, dated et. 15, states that the Pepino Salvo, schooner, Catalano, master, selled from Trapani at 10 a. M. on Oct. 6, with six hands all told, bound for Susa, Africa, and had got as far as the waters of Gallippa, between Pantellaria and the coast of Africa, by 2 v. M. of the 6th, when the wind tell. About two hours afterwards a lishing boat came alongside, and the men on board of her asked for bread; but while the captain of the schooner was gone to the cabin to fetch it the men in the boat, who were cight in number, jumped on board armed with revolvers and daggers. These men then, by threats and blows, compelled the captain to revolvers and daggers. These men then, by threats and blows, compelled the captain to return to the cabin, which they plundered of 3,764 lire in gold and 5,000 lire in silver, and after stealing and breaking all they could get hold of they left the vessel, and she returned to Trapani on the morning of the 7th, when the master at once reported the fact to the Captain of the Port. lataiano, master, selled from Trapani at 10 A. M.

Several Snowsterms in Italy. [Rome Despatch to the London Standard, Oct. 20.]

Telegrams from the provinces bring accounts of

reather of almost unprecedented severity for the

time of year. Snowfalls have taken place at time of year. Snowfalls have taken place at Bologna, Mantova, Genoa, Florence, Modena and elsewhere. At Torrigita, in Liguria, it felt to a depth of 30 centimetres. Near Farma telegraphic communications were interrupted, crops and animals were injured, and the chestnut flaveest was seriously changed. In several places in that vicinity the snow was more than a pared and a half deep. A hurricane at Ventee uprooted frees, blew down chimneys and caused the loss of several barks. At Plas, houses were partially unroofed, and the rain seemed to be a sheet of water. Several lives were lost on the Lake of Como.

Jewels of New York Women. [New York Correspondence Washington Past.] New York women wear a great many jewe's or

appropriate occasions nowadays, and it is easily seen what stones are favorites with individual society leaders. Mrs. Cornellus Vanderbiit has mag-nificent gems and is plainly partial to fine solitaire citery leaders. Mrs. Cornellus Vanderbilt has magnificent gems and is pluinly partial to fine solitaire diamonds. Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts delights in rubles and yellow diamonds. Mrs. Waiter Onslow user to war pearls, but since fashion began to smile so warmly on green has shown an affection for emeraids. Mrs. Ogden Mills profess turquoises an isosphires. Mrs. Townsem Barden's rayorite jewels are rubles of the "cepest and reddest type. Mrs. August Beimon's weakness is for laces, and next them she is content with cut jet, which she symetimes wears. Miss Adele Grant is never over anxions to wear jewels, but likes pearls and only better than other stones. Miss Eleanor Winslow Lekes to diamonds and plenty of them at that. Mrs. Mr. Livingston often displays catively. Mrs. Orne Wilson likes a combination of p aris and turquoises or black pearls or attings of large, rear-shaped pearls. For the actresses, most of them change their gems to suit their whims. Clara worris is firity constant to rubles, Mrs. Langity has a pet turquoise, Ada Rehan rather leans to supphires and Mms. Modjeski invests heavily in diamonds, the finest she can get, as does Lotta when-ever she has a good year. There is Fanny Davenport, who reverses the popular opal superstition and carries two or three unset opals for fair for one atways in her pocket. There is Bernhardt, who will never be without cut steel of the hand-one and dangerous sorts valued by the Hallam notality about harders of the toiler articles that she employs. There is Edita Kingdon Gould, who is accumulating jewels rapidly and sels an especial value on the diamonds that she buys.

Mary Anderson's Muscot a Pearl. (From the Washington Post.)
"If I had Mary Anderson's pearl I would as

fate for nothing more," The lady who spoke was delighting the eyes of two or three acquaintances with the contents of number of jewel cases by no means empty.

"It is a mascot with Miss Anderson," she went on, "snd you cannot wonder, for though not one of the largest it is one of the most perfectly shaged and most beautiful pearls in the word. A pearl is just the jewel for ner, white, bold and fair, and she never lets this one leave her person. I have turned my opera glass on her twenty times when she was on the stage and never failed to discover that pearl somewhere in her tollet. She wears it in her hair, on her throat, her finger, catcaing up the draperties of her gown. She says it means peace and rest to her, and she could not act if she did not touch it before she stepped in front of the footlights, and did not have it where her eye could fall upon it in her trying parts." in her trying parts.

Cuffee Was Surprised

[From the Milmanker Scotinel.] A female aeronant who descended in a Southern cotton-field frightened the colored people almost nto fits. They thought she was an angel who had come down in a charlot. This recalls the case afraid. When the baloon man overtook him the colored man's teeth were chattering, but he thought he must be polite to the Lord, so he managed to ask: "How's yo' fadder?"

Two Ways of Effecting It.

[From the Binghamton Republican.]
It is said a bottle will be broken to atoms by the the sea. Residents of the interior who may desire to turn over a new leaf are assured that the same result is accomplished by dashing it against a cel-lar wall.

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CIVIL JUSTICE. I Ith Judicial District.

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JUDGE OF THE

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THIRD DISTRICT, BROOKLYN

E. F. O'CONNOR, REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATION,

UNITED DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

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